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MY HOBBY¹

The other day, while strolling with a friend, whom I will call Percival, I noticed two men standing and conversing on the street corner.

One of the men continually raised his right hand above his head every time he spoke, and Percival noticing this, said to me, "Now my dear friend, observe those two men over there, observe especially the shorter one who keeps raising his hand all the time, and suddenly lowers it again, and glances around him, blushing furiously meanwhile. Now—I will tell you the reason for his queer actions," here Percival threw out his chest and looked prominent, "That man rides to and from work on a street car, and is so used to hanging on straps, that he sometimes raises his hands above his head unconsciously, searching for something to steady himself with."

"No, Percival, no," I answered, "You are altogether mistaken in your deductions. Let me explain to you the reason—That man married a school teacher and she makes him raise his hand every time he wants to speak, and so he has gotten into the hab—," but Percival was gone,—disappeared.

Yes sir, and if I had not selected observation as my hobby, I might have believed Percival's version of it. And it was all so very simple, the man had such a haunted look—and he carried a grammar book under his left arm.

SPRING HAS COME

The flowers are growing in the grass,
And the little streams are clear as glass.
The trees are full of birds that sing,
The climbing vine makes a lovely swing.
The boats are on the river now,
It seems as if I don't know how
The spring has come so soon.

ELEANOR HATCH²

¹ An excerpt from an eleventh-grade theme written by Alex R. Toth in the Longwood High School, Cleveland.

² The writer was a nine-year-old pupil in the sixth grade of the Walker School, Rockford, Illinois. The poem was sent in by Miss Clara Brown, Santa Inez, California.